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To My Readers.

This little book of odds and ends,
Of sober thought or jokes,
Was written with but one intent,
To please big and tiny folks.
Grown ups scan not with critic's eye,
But take them good or bad,
And if you read one-half of them,
You've made me mighty glad.

GEORGE A. SQUIRE,
Altamont Court,
Morristown, N. J.

PEGGY.

There's a little girl at our house,
We all love monstrous well,
But what's her name, or how she looks,
I'm not so sure I'll tell.
She goes to school, her lesson learns,
And now, I'll tell you why,
I've left her name for you to spell ; its
P-E-G-G-Y.

Now, you've spelled our Kiddie's name,
I'm surely satisfied,
I hope you'll count the time well spent,
Which on it you applied.
The result has shown us, one and all,
That at spelling you're not shy,
So altogether spell out loud,
P-E-G-G-Y.

Songs

TO A MOTHER.

I love every hair of your dear silvered head,
Yes, mother, you're dearer than life,
May the rest of your days with blessings be spread,
And know not a moment of strife.
I know just how thoughtless and careless I've been,
The memory burdens my heart,
I feel as if waked from some horrid, bad dream,
I'll return soon never to part.

Oh, could I live over the days that are past,
You'd never have cause for complaint,
But I'll care for you, love you, until the last,
My mother, my darling, my saint.
Blot out of my memory, oh, Father, above,
The days that are past and agone,
And spare my dear mother to know my great love,
Is the prayer of a heart forlorn.

A REVERIE.

Autumn leaves are falling,
Gently on earth's breast;
Winter blasts are calling,
Flowers to their rest.

Like the leaves and flowers,
You and I must fall,
God make the fleeting hours
Mindful of Thy call.

SONG TO AMERICA.

Freedom's grand song we sing,
Make loud the welkin ring,
 America!
God's was the guiding hand,
That gave us this dear land,
May she forever stand,
 Throughout all days!

Let's sing this song we love,
With thanks to him above,
 Whose praise we sing!
Help us with loving hand,
Protect and keep our land,
With us through ages stand,
 This prayer we bring!

VALLEY OF DREAMS.

Dark seems the path to land of blest,
O'er which my weary feet have pressed;
Is there no light? All darkness seems,
Through the valley of my dreams.

With little faith I've been content,
Scarce knowing what Thy great love meant,
Now through the dark Thy loved face beams,
In the valley of my dreams.

As breaks the sun through somber clouds,
So on my heart Thy great love crowds,
Makes darkness light, until it seems,
Heaven's the valley of my dreams.

ALONE.

Alone, all alone, with my thoughts, dearest one,
And they surely all turn to you, dear,
And my heart is as light as the noonday sun,
For it's filled with fond hopes and good cheer ;
For I see your dear face, as in a fond dream,
And I hope in the near bye-and-bye,
That my dream may come true, so real does it seem,
And remain with me dear, 'til I die.

Though oceans divide us, there 'll sure come a day,
When homeward you 'll turn your sweet face,
Then may God guide the ship in safety, I pray,
And each day of it's journey I'll trace,—
Until the good ship lands you safely at home,
To the heart that is waiting for you ;
It will hold you so close, you 'll never more roam,
Because, dear, it's so faithful and true.

CHORUS :

Yes, I see your dear face, as in a fond dream,
And I hope in the near bye-and-bye,
That my dreams may come true, so real does it seem,
And remain with me, dear, 'til I die.

MEMORIES.

Sad memories crowd fast to-night,
Through my wearied brain,
And voices dear I seem to hear,
Singing this refrain,
Come, come, come!

Their presence fills this dim old room,
And faces dear I see,
Filled with the love of days long passed,
Seem sweetly calling me,
Come, come, come!

I long to lay life's burdens down,
And seek the heavenly rest,
Among my loved ones gone before,
To land of blest.
Come, come, come!

LONGING.

You've gone out of my heart like a beautiful dream,
And I sorrow and long for you, dear,
So cheerless and lonely all the days to me seem,
That the future holds nothing but fear.
But could I enfold you once again to my breast.
I would hold you so close to my heart,
That you'd find in my arms such infinite rest,
You'd return never more to depart.

Won't you return, dearest one, again to my heart,
Let me prove that my love's only thine,
Don't let lies or false rumors make you and I part,
For you are mine, my dear, only mine.
Then come back to me, sweetheart, back into my life,
Let us bury our sorrows and pain,
Let us banish forever the cause of our strife,
Come return to my heart once again.

THEN, I'LL RETURN TO YOU.

Weigh well each word before you speak, take this adage to
your heart,

It's been the means of all our woe, and caused us both to part,
"In argument it's well to hold one's temper well in hand,"
But this, my dear, you did not do, you failed to understand.
And so the thing went on and on, and we simply drew apart,
And you and I, I'm sure, dear, both bear an aching heart;
And now you write and ask me, just what I intend to do,
If I could trust your temper, dear, why I'd return to you.

How many times has temper wrecked a happy little home,
That would take almost a lifetime the sorrow to atone,
How many souls are lost and doomed because of constant
strife.

How many have been parted, and caused unhappy life.
I do not want to live my life in atmosphere like this,
When I know that you and I could lead a life of joy and bliss,
So think it all well over, and I'll tell you what I'll do,
If you weigh each word before you speak, then I'll return to
you.

SUMMER DAYS.

I long for return of the dear summer days,
The days of the flowers and sun,
The days when the birds sing their sweet songs of praise,
To Him through whom all things are done.
It's the time of the year when one loves to live,
His dear childhood days over again ;
To our Father above we lovingly give,
Our thanks for the sunshine and rain.

Life in the summer is, indeed, at it's best,
Everything is joyous and gay,
The grass makes a cover for mother earth's breast,
And flowers spring to life day by day,
We hear sweet songs of praise from all living things,
Which fills our poor hearts with great love.
And a prayer from our lips, from day to day springs,
And goes forth to our Father above.

CHORUS :

Then hail summer days, oh ! haste your return,
Drive away winter's rude blast,
We will revel again in the rays of the sun,
And wish they forever could last.

LIFE'S GARDEN.

Youth is the garden of our lives,
Filled with birds and flowers,
Whose plumage grand, and perfume rare,
Delight our youthful hours.

Manhood in it's vigor, strength,
Cares naught for birds or flowers,
The birds have flown, the weeds grown up,
Gone beauty spot of ours.

Age in its wisdom views the change,
With terror and alarm,
With vigor gone, it's strength on wane,
It fails to find a balm.

TO A LOVED ONE.

Come, dear, to the garden, I'll show you a rose,
The handsomest flower, I think, love, that grows ;
It reminds me of you, with it's delicate bloom,
It's fragrance, it's beauty, you both seem attune,
I'd gather the roses, yes, yes, gather them fast,
To lay at your feet, love ; aye, e'en to the last.

Could I take all the flowers and mould them in one,
Or gather the rainbow, or rays of the sun,
Or get all the splendors the earth could provide,
I'd have them for you, dear, my love and my pride,
I'd have not a sorrow, but all joys in your life,
No worries or troubles, no cares or no strife.

CHORUS :

Yes, I'll gather the roses, all wet with the dew,
And send them, my darling, love freighted to you,
That they might carry to you, this message of mine,
I love you my dear one, I'm thine, always thine.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSES.

I gathered these roses, my darling, for you,
They are wet with the dew, the sweet morning dew,
And each petal bears love, each leaf a caress,
And on each sweet rose, I a fond kiss impress;
Oh, could they but speak, they would tell of the love,
That is deep in my heart, and firmly inwove,
So carry that message, dear roses, I pray,
To my loved darling one, without a delay.

Speed on your sweet mission, fair roses, to-day,
And bear the dear message, I wish to convey,
To the pride of my life, the girl I adore,
That my heart is all hers, I beg and implore;
Yes, tell of my love, which is tender and true,
Is the message I send, dear roses, by you,—
To the bride of my heart, the girl I adore,
To-day and to-morrow, ah, yes, evermore,

CHORUS :

So carry my message, dear roses, I pray,
And speed on your mission, without a delay,
To the bride of my heart, the girl I adore,
To-day and to-morrow, ah, yes, evermore.

A TRIBUTE.

I lay a garland at your feet, of roses rich and rare,
Their perfume sweet is only meet, for you my loved one fair,
Their beauty pays a tribute poor, unto your lovely face,
While tender blossoms, buds and leaves, all bow before your
 grace ;

Could I but paint the roses bloom, I'd make it rarer still,
Than aught that grows, or mind devise, your very heart to
 thrill,

So that your thoughts would turn to me, whene'er they met
 your eye,

To keep me in sweet memory, like roses till they die.

Could I but paint the rose's bloom, or lily's hues so rare,
As token of my greatest love, aye, to the fullest share,
I'd mix my paints with sweetest thoughts, that I might send
 to you,

A love devoted all in all, so tender, pure and true ;
Could I in marble carve your face, the greatest ever wrought
Each tap of mallet on the stone, would be with constance
 fraught,

For I would trace each lovely line, to bear my fondest love,
And pray for inspiration, to the One who rules above.

A ROSE.

How wonderful art thou, oh, rose,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Thy colors fill us with delight,
Thy perfume scents the air.

Whence came you lovely rose,
Who gave you color rare,
Methinks a rainbow mothered you,
Thou art divinely fair.

Like unto youth art thou, oh, rose,
Here but a day to last,
Your beauty rose, we in memory bear,
As life goes ebbing fast.

THE SONGS OF YORE.

Come, sing the dear songs of the long, long ago,
The songs that such sweetness and sentiment show,
They're the songs we all learned in our earlier days,
Their success and worth forever we'll praise ;
Just think of the classic, our dear, " Home, Sweet Home, '
You'll ne'er find its equal where'er you may roam,
" The Last Rose of Summer," and sweet " Bonnie Doon, '
And " The Old Folks at Home," a world famous tune.

You remember " Ben Bolt," of Sweet Alice fame,
And the other dear one, " Killarney " by name,
There's " Widow McCree," with it's rhythm and swing,
Which pleases us so when we hear some one sing.
There's so many more we could name with delight,
That we fear your kind patience we'd try,
So join in a chorus with all of your might,
And I'll bid you God-speed and good-bye.

CHORUS :

God bless the songs, the dear old songs,
They sang in yesterdays,
Their memory in heart prolongs,
And call for loudest praise.
So raise your voices, loud and sweet,
And sing them o'er and o'er,
The dear old songs our parents sung,
The dear old songs of yore.

"THE SONGS OF YESTERDAYS."

Please sing me the songs of yesterdays,
I love their memory,
They're sweeter far than present lays,
Can ever be to me.

THE OLD SONGS.

Come, let's sing the songs of the days that are past,
The songs that appeal to one's heart,
Whose melodies sweet, and words that will last,
Till friendships and memories part.
There's the "Last Rose of Summer," and dear "Home, Sweet
Home,"
We learned in our childhood days,
They'll not be forgotten where'er we may roam,
Or replaced by the present day lays;
So raise loud your voices, and make welkin ring,
With the songs that are classics to-day,
And may none of us ever grow too old to sing,
"From December to sweet smiling May."

REFRAIN:

'Tis the "Last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone,
All it's lovely companions are faded and gone,"
With that dearest of all songs, our own "Home, Sweet
Home,"
They'll remain in our hearts where'er we may roam.

SONGS OF MANY LANDS.

I've sung the songs of many lands, and culled their purest
 gems,
They've been a joy, a blessed boon, that weary memory stems ;
I've searched the world from shore to shore, to find the song
 that thrills,
That brings to hearts a gladsome note, and every pleasure fills.
Each country has it's favorite song, they sing with great
 acclaim,
That brought their authors joy and wealth, also their nations
 fame.
Of all the songs, the one to choose, has proved a weary task,
For it must be a perfect gem, to have it ever last.
But we've sung a song of purest thought and joy to those who
 roam,
So I will choose Paine's masterpiece, his dear old " Home,
 Sweet Home."

IRELAND.

There's a dear little spot they call Ire-land,
But why I never could tell,
If you look at the word you will see it means fight,
Would not Joy-land have answered as well.
For there's no place on earth where women and men,
Are more inclined to be happy and gay,
Than on the tight little Isle, with its love and its smile,
Than you meet with from all on your way.
They are known the world over for their warm hearts and
hands,
They are faithful,—yes, even to death,—
So I'll praise the dear Irish wherever I roam,
And bless them with my last breath.
Then, it's a hip and hurrah, for her lassies and lads,
And another for dear Ire-land,
May she never sup sorrow or suffer again,
But, indeed, be a very Joy-land.

ERIN'S SHAMROCK

The dear little shamrock of Erin's green isle,
Oft told of in story our hours to while,
Is dear to the Irish, abroad or at home,
And is known in all lands, where'er one may roam.
'Tis said that the fairies first planted it there,
And watch it and guard it, with tenderest care,
And on the first night, that the moon lights the skies,
They water the shamrock with tears from their eyes.

The dear little shamrock of Erin's green isle,
No words tell its beauty, none I can compile,
It's a theme of itself for fairies not men,
To put upon paper with pencil or pen;
To tell of its hold on a true Irish heart,
Is a tale I'm not able myself to impart,
So let's leave for the fairies the story to tell,
Of the dear little shamrock we all love so well.

The story we learned at our dear mother's knee,
'Tis old as the hills, the sky or sea,
No wonder we love it, we of the old sod,
The dear little shamrock, the gift of our God.
Let's sing of its beauty, and give God the praise,
And bless the dear shamrock the rest of our days;
Yes, cherish and love it, as long as we've breath,
And keep it and hold it, aye, even in death.

MY HOME, KILLARNEY.

Killarney, Killarney, the place of my birth,
The dearest, the sweetest, the greenest on earth,
May God in his mercy, permit me once more
To visit her beautiful lakes and her shore ;
'Twas there I left all that was dearest to me,
To seek a new home across the deep sea,
But my love for Killarney is so strong and true,
I'm leaving all, darling, to come back to you.

Killarney, Killarney, God hasten the day,
That sees me home safe again, ever, I pray,
I'm sure feeling lonesome, for kinsmen and friends,
But the joy of home coming, it's sweet comfort lends ;
So sail on my good ship, and take me back home,
To my dear old Killarney, from you I'll not roam,—
So happy I'll be when I land on your shore,
I'll be singing your praises, yes, dear, evermore.

Yes, back to Killarney, her hills and her dales,
And love of the dear ones we know never fails,
I can hear their " God bless you," and " Welcome, my boy,"
'Til the heart of me aches with pleasure and joy ;
I'll never more leave you, oh, place of my birth,
The dearest, the sweetest, the greenest on earth,
But rest on your shores, and never more roam.
Killarney, Killarney, my loved ones and home.

DEAR OLD KILLARNEY.

I love old Killarney, her lakes and her fells,
Her grass-covered meadows, her beautiful dells,
Her laddies and lassies, and one I adore,
The dearest and sweetest colleen on her shore ;
I'm in hopes of making that colleen my bride,
My companion for life, to walk by my side,
Through sunshine or sorrow, through pleasure or pain,
Shure, I'll ne'er see the likes of you, darling, again.

I'll sing of Killarney, 'til the day of my death,
I'll tell of her wonders e'en with my last breath,
Then 'twould be but half of her beauty I'd told,
You're rarer than diamonds, more precious than gold ;
You were made by hand of the dear loving God,
To be the bright spot on the land of the sod,
Perhaps that's the reason you're always so green,
My dear old Killarney, my birthplace, my queen.

CHORUS :

God keep you, and bless you, Killarney, so fair,
With you there is no other land can compare,
You're the home of my colleen, the girl I adore,
God hasten, I pray, my return to your shore.

THE WEE LITTLE CABIN.

In a wee little cabin across the blue sea,
I left all on earth that was dearest to me,
And my heart sure is breaking for her left behind,
The like of my darling you rarely will find ;
There she waits in that cabin, on Erin's green shore,
And prays the return of her loved one once more,
May God in his mercy so hasten the day,
That sees me safe home again, ever to stay.

In that wee little cabin across the blue sea,
I know a sweet welcome is waiting for me,
For the dearest and sweetest of Erin's green isle,
Is there to await me with kiss and with smile ;
So sail faster and faster, good ship on your way,
Ride o'er the swift billows in safety, I pray,
'Til you reach the dear spot on my loved native shore,
Where is waiting my colleen, the girl I adore.

CHORUS :

That wee little cabin across the blue sea,
Holds all that is sweetest and dearest to me,
So hasten on good ship, sail faster, I pray,
Take me safe to my colleen, forever and aye.

MY IRISH HOME.

There's a dear little colleen on Erin's green shore,
She's the pride of our village, the girl I adore,
And as soon as my good ship returns from the sea,
To this dear little colleen it's married I'll be ;
I've a neat little cabin, my wages I've saved,
Tho' the work it was hard, 'twas for her that I slaved,
And when my good ship returns, and lands me once more,
I'll then marry my colleen, and rest on your shore.

Yes, rest on the green shores of my dear Irish home,
From my colleen and kinsmen no more will I roam,
I've seen all the great lands, 'neath the beautiful sun,
But there's none can compare, when the telling is done,
With the tight little isle, the dear land of the sod,—
'Twas made for the Irish by a dear loving God,
So is it a wonder that the Irish who roam,
Have heartaches and longings for their dear Irish home.

CHORUS :

Then hasten the day when my ship sails away,
To the place of my birth, the home I adore,
For this boon, I pray, and I'll never more stray,
From colleen and kinsmen, but rest on your shore.

THE SOLDIER.

Don't be teasing me, darling, and ask me to stay,
I've taken the shilling, and must soon go away,
They're needing us sadly, at least so I'm told,
And you should not be coaxing, your soldier to hold ;
Shure, you know all the boys of our county have gone,
Would you wish me at home, with a heart sad and torn,
Of course you don't, darling, let me kiss away tears,
Let me hug my dear colleen, and drive out dark fears.

Shure, it's only a bit of a shindy 'twill be,
And soon I'll return, my dear one, to thee,
Then you'll laugh at the tears and dreadful alarms,
When I am back home again, with you in my arms ;
So cuddle, me darling, bid your boy a Godspeed,
Be a soldier's brave lassie, it will help me, indeed,
And I'll ask the dear God, in my prayers day by day,
To keep you, and bless you, while I am away.

I can tarry no longer, for there sounds the drum,
'Tis a signal they have that bids us all come,
So dry up the tears, let me take to my breast,
The dearest colleen, the one I love best,
And write a dear letter each day to your boy,
It will be such sweet comfort, 'twill fill me with joy ;
Shure, there's nothing that pleases whenever we roam,
Like a letter from dear ones that we've left at home,
And take care of the mother, God rest her, I pray,
May the love of you both keep your boy while away.

THE GIRL I DREAM ABOUT.

There is a girl I dream about, though I've never seen her face,
I would know her if I met her, for I every line can trace,
I've seen her in my dreams at night, and in day dreams this
 dear girl,

Is ever present in my thoughts, and has set my heart awirl;
Haste on the day when I shall find this maiden of my dreams,
I know 'twill not a phantom prove, for it all so certain seems,
And when I meet her, as I will, my poor heart with joy will
 shout,

And I will know that I have found the dear girl I dream about.

Thoughts of this girl just fill my soul, I have searched, but, oh,
 in vain,

It seems the promptings of my heart, should my weary foot-
 steps train,

Yes, lead me to the dear dream girl, I've so often seen in
 sleep,

And let me take her to my breast as my very own to keep;
'Twould be such joy, such perfect bliss, did I know that you
 were mine,

I'd prove to you my constant love, and that I am only thine,
So haste on the day, oh, God of love, my aching heart cries
 out,

That sees her mine, this dear sweet girl, the girl I have dreamed
 about.

CHORUS:

Yes, there's a girl I dream about, and her presence I can
 feel,

It always seems so true to me, for this dream girl is so real,
That when I wake my very heart with gladsome joy
 cries out,

This is the girl, the very girl, the girl I dream about.

ONE NEVER CAN TELL.

There comes a time in your life, when you meet a sweet girl,
She sets you to thinking, puts your heart all awlirl,
She entertained you so nicely, you felt at your ease,
And did yourself proud, in your efforts to please,
When you bade her goodnight, as you both stood at the door,
You said to yourself, there's a girl I adore,
So you got quite excited, and most certainly fell,
But go slow my old pard, "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Now, you are quite interested, and inclined to make good,
Send her Huyler's and flowers, just as you should,
Take her to all the good shows, and swell cabaret,
Give free use of your car, perhaps it will pay ;
In fact, go the limit, keep the dear girl on the go,
For I've played the game, and should certainly know,
But keep your eyes wide open, and look things over well,
For about these dear girls, one "NEVER CAN TELL."

CHORUS :

Oh, you never can tell,
Oh, you never can tell,
About the most charming, adorable belle,
She may look well at night,
But next morn she's a sight,
It's the truth, boys, you never can tell.

A PRAYER.

Slowly the time grows nearer,
 To days of rest,
Nearer, yes, still and dearer,
 Seems home of blest ;
Purer, dear God, still purer,
 Turn thoughts to Thee,
Surer, by far, yes, surer,
 Thy face we see.

Stronger, our love grows stronger,
 As days pass by,
Longer, the days are longer,
 Ruler most high ;
Glory, to thee, all glory.
 Father Divine,
Lovely, the dear Christ story,
 All praise be Thine.

A DREAM.

I fell asleep, and dreamed this dream, and how I wish 'twere
true,

It was so real—so true it seemed—I dreamt that I saw you;
Your face and form was as of old, and lovely to behold,
I was telling you the story, the sweetest ever told.

Your eyes were filled with love lights, as I told you of my
love,

They rivalled the most brilliant stars in firmament above,
But, alas, the sad awakening, so truthful did it seem,
I could not make myself believe that it was all a dream.

The days are dark and dreary, and the nights are filled with
fear,

Although, at times, my darling one, I know that you are near,
To guide my weary footsteps in the paths of truth and love,
That tend to perfect happiness in God's great realms above.
Haste on the day that I shall see my loved one long ago,
'Twill be such sweet, such perfect rest, for my poor heart
forlorn.

Yes, in the Great Unknown, to see, my darling's face again,
In that dear land of promise, where we're free from earthly
pain.

MY HOME FAR AWAY.

In my far away home, across the deep sea,
 I have dear ones waiting for me,
I can see the sweet smile, on the faces I love,
 Oh! could I but come back to thee;
I'd give years of my life to see them again,
 And hold them once more to my heart,
And to know that at last, I was with those that I love,
 From them no more to depart.

Our love for the home grows as the years pass,
 Until fonder and fonder it grows,
And bursts on us, when we look for it least,
 Like the unfold of a beautiful rose,
'Til our hearts fairly ache for a sight of the home,
 We left across the deep sea;
So I'll send my best love, and pray for the day,
 When I may return, my loved ones to thee.

GOOD-BYE.

Like unto the blush of a lovely rose,
 Born for a day but to die,
Are the days of our youth, soon gone of a truth,
 As we bid them good-bye, good-bye.

The days of our manhood are filled with life's joys,
 For wealth and its honors we try,
Until they are pale, as most of us fail,
 And we bid them good-bye, good-bye.

Age bids us hearken, and list to the voice,
 That comes from our Father on High,
Who calls us with love from his home far above,
 To bid a last good-bye, good-bye.

WHO KNOWS.

Memories dear of our childhood days,

Cling as the scent of the rose,

Like the rose they soon die, our days of youth fly,

Where have they gone? Who knows! Who knows!

Could we recall the days of our youth,

Would it add to our repose,

With the knowledge we'd gained, a mind better trained,

Would it aid us? Who knows! Who knows!

As the years in their turn press onward,

Bringing age with all its woes,

Shall we not rest content, and think it was meant,

Just to try us? Who knows! Who knows!

OLD GLORY.

Shake out thy folds Old Glory, so all the world may see,
The emblem of America, America, the free.
Once more unfurled to lead the way, in battle for oppressed.
Lead on old flag, we follow thee, may all thy acts be blessed.
Thou art the emblem of the free, thou art the beacon light,
That leads by paths of Justice, the way to peace and right;
In all thy wars, sweet freedom's cause has been thy battle cry,
Lead on thou banner of the free, see freemen do or die.

Lead on, lead on, Old Glory, in battle for the right,
Lead on, lead on Old Glory, in all thy pride and might,
With liberty thy battle cry, fraternity thy aim,
Victory will soon be thine, with all a victor's fame.
You seek no gain save those of right, thy goal humanity,
Thy mission one of love and truth, thy work to set men free;
Then lead us on thou dear old flag, God haste the happy day,
When universal peace shall reign, and every nation sway.

L'ENVOI.

We follow thee Old Glory, God bless thy stripes and stars,
We honor thee Old Glory, we kiss thy crimson scars,
Healed by the blood of freemen, in fight for liberty,
The emblem of America, land of the brave and free.

Christmas Cards

May Santa from his ample store,
Just fill your stockings o'er and o'er,
With lots of things, including health,
And, incidentally, add more wealth.

Let's hang our stockings, you and I, as taught at mother's knee,
Around the dear old chimney place, so Santa sure may see
That we have not forgotten, but still believe him true,
The same dear, loving Santa, as taught to me and you.

Of all the days in any year,
That's filled with love and goodly cheer,
It's Christmas Day, whose story's told,
Alike to all, both young and old.

Let's turn our thoughts to Christmas joys,
And play once more we're girls and boys,
Come gather round our Christmas tree,
And view Santa's gifts for you and me.

We wish for you and yours a Christmas of real cheer,
And happiness, and a New Year replete with—
Good health and prosperity.

I've never lost my love or faith in Santa Claus, dear friend,
And hope to keep it strong and true until the very end.

We quaff this toast, in rare old wine,
Here's health and wealth to thee and thine.

A message love freighted, we send you this day,
God bless you and keep you, for ever, we pray.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A message love freighted I send you to-day,
May your Christmas be spent in the old-fashioned way,
With presents galore, and a dandy fine turk,
With all of the fixings, so get to your work,—
And may you live to enjoy Christmas more and more,
May this be a happier New Year than you've ere had before.

Shongum Club

OPENING DAY.

The time's most here for you and me,
To look up rod and reel,
And hie ourselves to Shongum Lake,
To romp and play and squeal.
Our opening day is fixed by law,
In fact its April first,
We'll have plenty food right good to eat,
And things to quench your thirst.
So don't forget the opening, let's hail it with a shout,
We'll whip old Paganini stream, and, maybe, land a trout.

OPENING DAY.

SHONGUM CLUB, APRIL 1, 1917.

Come, raise your voices loud and clear, and sing a loving lay,
To dear old Shongum Club we love, it is our opening day,
Let's all be boys and girls again and throw away dull care,
And romp and play as once we did, and all its pleasures share.
Come, raise your voices good and loud, don't be afraid to
shout,
And let the people far and near, know that we're still about,
And mean to make old Shongum Club, indeed, our second
home,
We'll ne'er forget the dear old spot, no matter where we roam.

SHONGUM LAKE.

IN WINTER.

Under her mantle of white, sleeps the dear old lake,
Silent within her hills stand, sentinel, the giant trees,
A deathlike silence reigns, in which all partake,
And in the scene God's mighty hand one sees.

IN SUMMER.

A riot of color thy mantle now old lake,
Awake within the hills, thy sentinels, the trees ;
The birds give praise, all loving things awake,
Again Thy hand, Great God. one sees.

TO GEORGE A. SQUIRE.

Whether it be the spring time,
With birds and bees and flowers,
Or summer, herself, is here,
Laden with sun gilt hours :
Or when we have the autumn,
With her riot color parade ;
Or as Shongum is in winter,
There's ever a picture made.
When your pen paints a poem,
Of Shongum, in any mood,
We all read and ponder,
You help us see the good,
(Which most of us require),
And so, will you permit me,
To "thank you,"—GEO. A. SQUIRE?

TO A FRIEND, FROM ONE,
ED. SKEELE.

THE ROOST.

WELCOME.

ALL ARE WELCOME AT THIS HUT,
BE THEY WISE OR BE THEY NUT.

And all we ask of you, dear friend,
Is to drop in often, and help to lend,
A pleasant hour which we oft times lack,
While we are loafing around this shack.
But should things cause our feet to roam,
And you should find us not at home,
Then the next best thing to do, we think,
Would be to hunt and find a drink;
The cost of which we'll glad disgorge,
So take a nip with John and George,
But should you fail to find the key,
Then hunt up either John or me.

SHONGUM.

There's a club we call Shongum, of fishing renown,
Has members whose skill is world wide,
Each claim they have earned the fisherman's crown.
Some may say this assertion is snide,
How to prove who is king, is a hard nut to crack,—
Our heart's in a terrible stew,—
No one will believe, but we're taking a whack.
Gosh darn it, unless they're named. too,—
Under stress I am writing,—I'm sure at a loss,
Moreover, my brain's standing still.
Confound, it's not easy to pick out a boss,
Looks like the whole thing was just nil,
Understand, I but stop this crude screed for your sakes,
By handing the crown to our friend, Louie Jackes.

TO LOUIE JACKES.

Goodness, gracious, mercy sakes,
See who's here, it's Louie Jackes,
He's left the club of Fishing Hogs,
To spend his time in shooting frogs.

Of course, he's not a great success,
But if he'll persevere, we guess,
He'll qualify, at least we wish
Him more success with frogs than fish.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

In fishing, friend, be just a sport,
Don't take a fish more than you ought,
And when you've hooked your fish aright,
And he has put up dandy fight,
In landing him, most careful be,
Take out the hook, be sure and see,
You have not caused much blood to flow ;
For if you have, you then must know,
The fish will die, and you but take
Another one out of the lake,—
And while the limit's fixed by law,
Take always less, but never more.

HOW TO FISH.

To catch a fish and let it go,
Requires sportsmanship, I know ;
Of course, it goes against the grain,
But you have got yourself to train,—
Do this, and then you will not wish,
To keep each and every blessed fish ;
And you, my boy, will fish for sport,
While I will have good lesson taught.

THINK IT OVER.

I wish that every fisherman would learn this story well,
And at every opportunity, not hesitate to tell
This one important truthful fact, it's as true as one could wish,
That there's something more in fishing, than simply catching
fish.

LONGING.

I long for my boat, my rod and my friends,
I long for the dear summer days,
I long for the joy that the out-of-door lends,
I can't say enough in it's praise.

I long for a day with my boat and my rod,
In the great out-of-doors with nature and God,
'Twould be but an incident to try for the fish,
For I'd have the fulfillment of my dearest wish.

Oh! how I just long for a day with the fish,
I don't know of anything better to wish,
Than a day on the lake with your pal and your rod,
And the great out-of-doors, a blessing from God,

So hurry along the day I can take,
Is this moment my one dearest wish,
A trip to the Club, at old Shongum Lake,
For a day with my friends and the fish.

ADVICE.

When troubles come that you'd forget,
Go get your boat, your rod and net.
Get out in the God given sun,
You'll soon find trouble on the run.
If brain is fogged through business stress,
And you can find no happiness,
Get friend and rod, and you will wish
You'd spent more time with sun and fish.

THE FISHERMAN.

For plain, simple lying, can anyone match
The fellow who tells you about his big catch,
Tells just how he landed, after terrible fight,
The big one that took him from morn until night.
And then, of the dandy, that got clean away,
'Twas by far the largest damn fish of the day;
Then the whale that he tells of, that busted his tackle,
Don't that make you want to just sit up and cackle.
Can you beat him? Or tie him? I rather guess not,
He can out-lie "Ananias," and ought to be shot.
So a reply to this query, I very much wish,
Are all fisherman liars, or do all liars fish?

PLUGS.

I hate the man who uses plugs,
And round the lake just simply slugs,
He has the thing rigged out galore,
With at least three hooks, quite often more.
An answer, now, I really wish,
Just how much chance have the poor fish?

A FISHERMAN.

A rod and a line, some hooks and net,
Don't make a fisherman, you bet,
You first must love it for the sport,
To go for fish, just as you ought.
You then will fish for fishing's sake,
Remember, too, but few to take ;
Obey the laws, much mercy show,
To anger always be quite slow.
And if, perchance, you hook a fish,
Don't worry, fret, and constant wish,
That you must land that very one,
For, when everything is said and done,
The fish should have an even chance,
With you, your rod, your net and lance.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

Some like to hunt, while others play,
The game of golf, the livelong day,
While others ride, or play baseball,
These don't appeal to me at all.
But this I'd do, had I my wish,
I'd get my chum, go out and fish.

FISH.

The day's arrived, the law is up,
And I can fish without a fear,
It's filled with happiness my cup,
The day I've longed for now is here.
But still, I have but one more wish,
To land at least one dandy fish.

NEVER AGAIN.

Say, boys, did you ever take with you to fish,
A fellow who after an hour, you'd wish,
Was either on shore, or dead, if you please,
If so, you would feel much more at your ease?
He can't handle his rod, his reel, or his bait,
Gets everything tangled, until you just hate
To hear the sound of his voice, as he asks, with a grin,
If you think that damn lake has one fish within.
When the poor, measly cuss would die of a fright,
If, perchance, he should get such a thing as a bite;
And when the day's over, you're in anger and pain,
Would you commune with yourself, and say, "Never again?"

FRIENDS.

There's Wenty, Win Giles, Uncle John and myself,
Who from fishing all winter, have laid on the shelf—
Our hearts fairly ache for a return of the day,
When we can visit our lake to fish and to play.
For we all love the out-doors, our friends and our club,
And the fellow who does not can be classed as a dub.
Then, hasten along opening day, is our wish,
So we can be once again with our friends and the fish.

TIME TO FISH.

No break of day fishing for me,
No silvery mist in the morn,
Heavy dews on the leaves, I don't care to see,
With malaria I'd hate to be worn.
And that you'd contract, I'm telling you straight,
If you go fishing at break of the day,
Besides, fish are not keen. before hour of eight,
Then, why throw all that sleep time away.
Now, I'll put you wise to a fisherman's tricks,
And you won't lose your sleep or your fish :
Go after them, boys, in evenings about six,
Is the knowledge, I think, you all wish.

TIME TO GIT FISH,

When the sun in all it's glory, seeks it's bed in golden west,
,Tis then you'll find, without a doubt, that fishing's at its best ;
And if you doubt the truth of this, 'tis easy, friend, to prove it,
Go get your boat, your rod and net, and see what you will *git* ;
Don't let that *git* annoy you, I know it's somewhat crass,
But what I want to tell is, the time to *git* your bass.

TO MY ROD.

You dear old rod, I love you well,
If you could speak, what tales you'd tell,
For you and I, for quite some years,
Have suffered many doubts and fears,
As to whether we would sometimes win,
Some awful plights that we've been in.

My memory turns with pride to-night,
To you, dear rod, of many fight,
In which you've served my every wish,
And helped me land full many fish ;
So now, I'll hang you on my wall,
Rest there in peace, my rod, that's all.

TO MY OLD ROD.

There on the wall you hang, old rod, hero of many a fight,
Your work is o'er, you've earned your rest ; indeed, it's yours
by right.
You served me well, did well your part, you were a faithful
friend,
And never caused me one complaint, e'en to the very end,—
And when my work comes to an end, and I like you are
through,
I trust my friends will think of me, as I do, rod, of you.

THE POKER GAME.

I received an invitation to meet some friends one night,
The object of the meeting was to be a poker fight;
My capital was very weak, and in a day or two,
I knew I had a bill to pay, that sure was over due;
I accepted with a feeling, that I was doomed to lose,
So fortified my courage with a drink or two of booze.
But there was where I started wrong, as you will shortly see,
For before we started in the game, I had four more in me;
While this bulled up my courage, it did not help my game,
For the way I boosted every pot the gang said was a shame.
But I had the cards to go in, but it was the coming out,
For I could not better in the draw, and my roll got quite a
clout,—

I then became more careful, and hugged them to my breast,
But the cards were sure against me, for the hands were like
the rest;

I walked around my seat three times, and offered up a prayer,
Lapped up a goodly dose of booze, and then resumed my
chair.

You're Fifty Dollars in the box, the banker softly said,
Take my advice and play them close, don't be so easy led;
You're not obliged to come in, on every hand we play,
Just wait until you have the cards, then come in and stay.
Besides, you've got to settle, pard, when this old game is
through,

For I've a load to tote myself, and cannot carry you.
It's sage advice the banker gives, said I unto myself,
And if I hug it good and hard I may attach some pelf.
The hands were dealt, I picked mine up, beheld it with great
glee,

For in those hands were dandy ones, called kinky, kanky, kee.

Can't you see me sitting in my chair, with blank look on my
face,
Just waiting for some silly boob to start the killing pace ?
Well, I did not have to wait long, the fireworks began,
And when it came to show hands down, I was an also ran,—
For I run up against a flush, held by a player pat,
And my three kings looked mighty small, as viewed from
where I sat.
But what's the use prolonging ; the agony I had :
I know the game as it turned, made me feel mighty bad.
For it cost besides a hundred bucks, to sit into that game,
An awful head, a damn sore throat, and back that's fearful lame.

THANKSGIVING AT SHONGUM, 1916.

Assembled at the Club House, on this Thanksgiving Day,
Were Uncle Dan, Win Giles and Fritz, Flo W. and May,
Together with Carlotta, she of the raven hair,
With Uncle George, and Britton D., now everybody's there.
No, our party's not complete, there's one we surely lack,
So standing, let us drink a toast, to our dear Uncle Jack.
The table was a flower show, thanks to our Nut House friends,
To whom we say, " God bless you all," and other things that
tends
To show our keen acceptance, of their thoughtfulness and love ;
Let's ask a blessing on their heads, from Him who rules above.
Now, that we've got that off our chests, suppose we get to work
And pay our very best respects, to that old dandy turk.
So hurry up the cocktails, and don't forget the wine,
'Twill help along our appetites, and cause us all to dine
With greatest satisfaction, in a good old-fashioned way,
And may all remember long and well this dear Thanksgiving
Day.

A FISHING TRIP.

TO DANIEL S. VOORHEES.

I want to tell you of a time I had at Yucatan,
With old Bill Smith, a guide down there, and my good Uncle
Dan :

We took the trip to have a fish, for salmon, also trout,
And took old Bill to be our guide, and get us fitted out ;
The stuff he bought would fill a house, and weighed about
a ton,

Or, at least, it seemed to weigh that much before the day was
done.

But the carries proved quite easy, the stream ten miles away,
So we had but little trouble in making camp that day ;
We unpacked loads, cleaned up the camp, then went and had
a swim,

While Bill just hustled pots and pans to cook our dinner in.
And when we heard that dinner horn, and old Bill shout,
“ grub pile,”

We jumped into our clothes, damn quick, and met Bill with a
smile.

The coffee was delicious, and the flap-jacks(?) well, my boy,
They were something sure to marvel at, and fill one's heart
with joy.

We did fair justice to that meal, left table with regret,
'Cause Bill refused to fry more cakes, or else we'd be there yet ;
We loosened up our belts a bit, then sat in for a smoke,
And all were tucked away in bed upon the very stroke
Of old Bill's clock, at hour of nine ; with orders given straight,
To be on deck for breakfast at exactly half past eight ;
For the weather was propitious, and it was, of course, our wish
To start as early as we could to tackle those old fish.
Poor Uncle Dan was sure dead beat, and bed looked good to
him,

And the way he tore that snore stuff off was certainly a sin ;

But all things have an ending, the night had come and gone,
And we landed in the cook's tent, at sound of old Bill's horn.
There was coffee, biscuit, ham and eggs, together with some
fruit,

To which I paid my best respects, the others followed suit;
We helped to get the dishes cleaned, and tidied up the camp,
Got out canoe, put tackle in, and started on our tramp;
The carry was about a mile, to Saganoosta brook,
Where fish they said were plenty, just waiting for our hook.
We launched the boat, and loaded her with luncheon, bait
and things,

And something else that Uncle said was awful good for stings;
We took a goodly drink of it, then each one made a wish,
And Uncle Dan bet me just Ten he'd land the biggest fish.
We baited up and trolled along, each waiting for a strike,
And Uncle hooked the first one, which proved to be a pike.—
It gave him a terrific fight, and busted up his tackle,
And Bill the guide got sure in Dutch, 'cause Uncle heard him
cackle.

He tried his best to save his fish, and would have, I just bet,
But Bill was so excited that he hit it with his net,
Away went fish, then Uncle swore, and Bill, poor soul, was sad,
For Uncle is a bird all right when he gets good and mad.
They fixed things up, we started on, when bang, and then a
shout,

For I just had a fine old strike, and hooked fast to a trout.
He put up, sure, a dandy fight, but that trout his boss had met,
But it took me thirty minutes to land him in Bill's net;
It weighed six pounds, and Uncle said, "Congratulations, boy,"
But as the fish won me the Ten, he didn't beam with joy.
We spent four weeks with Bill in camp, it seemed but just a day,
And I tell you it was pretty hard to tear ourselves away;
But we had to promise dear old Bill, we'd come again next
year,

And as we turned our backs on camp I wiped away a tear.

A TOAST.

Here's to my dog, my rod, my gun,
We've shared in many days good fun,
And as I sit alone to-night,
My memory has taken flight,
To soar in realms of yesterdays,
In which you all bear meeds of praise.
You've never failed, you aids of sport,
But did your share just as you ought,
And if at times we've met with loss,
The fault, I'm sure, was with your boss.
So good-night, dog, old rod and gun,
And may our days have long to run,
In which to share each other's wish,
Of plenty game and lots of fish.

A TOAST.

Come, club mates, fill your glasses up unto the very brim,
Then raise your voices loud and clear, and drink a toast to him,
Who loves to fish for fishing's sake, and does it like a sport,—
Obeys the laws, humane in deed, keeps no more than he
ought.

WHEN UNCLE DAN JOINED THE SHRINE.

To have heard the awful cuss words, and lamentations deep,
That issued from the bedroom where Uncle Dan finds sleep,
One would think his days were numbered, or that he'd lost all
hope,

For the night before Dan joined the Shrine, and hung upon
that rope.

He talks of sand thats awful hot, and sizzling pinchers, too,
Keeps waving hands before his face, says flames are red and
blue ;

At times he says such funny things, we thought him filled with
dope,

And then he'd swear, by this and that, he'd not let go the rope.
Now, what could they have done to Dan to get him in this
state,

He's not a man to monkey with, he's awfully sedate.

I bet, they did some awful things, with which he could not
cope,

Perhaps, he made a big mistake, by holding on that rope.

Dan's got an awful funny cap, he looks like a blooming Turk,
He tried it on some forty ways before the thing would work ;
And even, then, it did not fit, 'til we'd rubbed his bumps with
soap,

But Danny smiled, and softly said, "I held that damn old
rope."

Miscellaneous

MEMORIES.

Alone within my study, as the evening shadows fall,
I hear the voice of loved ones, now gone and past recall;
To me they are as sweet and dear, as in the days long past,—
Sweet memories of the days ago, keep with me 'til the last.

The days are long and weary, the nights seem dark and drear,
Without the loved ones with us, our lives to help and cheer;
But somewhere in the future we'll meet them all again,
Where peace and comfort, love and rest, shall banish earthly
 pain.

Keep with me in the walks of life, uplift my weary heart,
And aid me thus each day by day to bear a worthy part,—
A part, that when the time shall come to lay the burden down,
Shall leave behind sweet memories, my humble life to crown.

TO MY WIFE.

'Tis fifty years ago, good wife, since you and I were wed,
The autumn twang was in the air, the foliage turning red,
Your gown was sweet and simple, your hair of golden hue,
All nature seemed to be in bloom the day I married you;
And while the years are many, I'd not take out one day,
But count them all as minutes, if I could have my way.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Many happy returns of the day, dearest friends,
May the years seem only days as they pass on their way,
May you always know the sweet comfort that companionship
 lends,
And hail with true joy each return of *the day*.

THE JOURNEY.

As we journey through life, we meet on the way
A thousand and one things that grieve,
But once in a while, if it's only a smile,
It goes a long way to relieve
The condition of things, and helps one forget
The troubles and trials of life ;
Helps us over the stile, and makes it worth while,
To bear this world's troubles and strife.

OPPORTUNITY.

There's a time in the life of all men, so it's said,
When Dame Fortune knocks once at their door,
But she's fickle, I hear, not easily led,
Her fortunes to hand out galore.
But if I thought the old damsel would knock at my shack,
And leave me a part of her load,
There's one thing dead certain, much sleep I would lack,
To await her half way on the road.

DON'T WORRY:

What is the use of repining,
Why carry a face always sad,
Outside the dear sun is shining,
Why cant we be happy and glad ;
Why hug your horrid old troubles,
Thaf of itself is a sin,
For troubles are just simply bubbles,
One can easily pick with a pin.

A VISION.

I was sitting alone in my study one night,
With a book, and a good friend, my pipe,
The log, burning dimly, made a soft mellow light,
And the time for good reading seemed ripe.
Outside, the big snow flakes were falling quite fast,
The ground clad in mantle of white,
But so cold and so drear was the wintry blast,
My thoughts turned to the homeless that night;
And in a vision, I saw little children half fed,
I saw women in sorrow and pain,
I saw men so discouraged, they wished they were dead,
These things in my vision were plain.
Then, I asked of the vision to show me a way,
To cure all these sad, ugly stings,
And the vision replied, "Can you the earth sway?
If so, you can change all these things."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is of itself a thing apart,
Demanding best of mind and heart,
To have and hold through life's short span,
The regard of woman, the respect of man.

A PRAYER.

When the evening shadows fall, comes the saddest part of day,
It brings to mind the solemn thought that life is ebbing 'way;
Our thoughts turn back, we scan our lives, and note where
we have erred,—

The retrospect no pleasure brings, to hearts so sorely stirred,
Guide us aright, oh, God, above, be thou our staff and guide,
Forgive our sins, for Jesus sake, and take us to thy side.

A PRAYER.

I pray the prayer the good folks do,
May every blessing abide with you,
No matter where your feet may roam,
On sea or land, abroad or home ;
May perfect health be yours, I pray,
And God watch o'er you, day by day.
"TO MY DAUGHTERS."

HOW PLEASED I'D BE.

Could I but wipe away one tear,
Or help a weary heart to cheer,
Or drive away a darksome fear,
How pleased I'd be.
Could I but help a soul that's sick,
On whom sore trials presses thick,
Could I remove that trouble quick,
How pleased I'd be.
Could I some secret sorrow kill,
And cause that heart with joy to thrill,
And feel I'd aided God's sweet will,
How pleased I'd be.
If I could speak one kindly thought,
That pleasure, joy or comfort brought,
And spoke that word just as I ought,
How pleased I'd be.
This to my mind is all of life,
As we on the journey plod,
To lessen sorrow, fear and strife,
And leave the rest with God.

PASSING BY.

How heedless we pass on our journey each day,
 So many who need words of cheer,
How many poor souls that are seeking a way,
 To keep their troubles from everyone's ear ;
While we pass on our way with never a thought,
 Of any dread cares but our own.
When if we but did all the things that we ought,
 These troubles would quickly be shown.

So let us resolve not to pass on in vain,
 To speak timely words of good cheer,
To aid all in trouble, in sorrow or pain,
 Help banish the cause of their fear ;
And not to await until told of these woes,
 But seek as we pass on our way.
Some way to relieve the troubles of those,
 We're passing by day after day.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Great Ruler of the Universe, guard well our native land,
May she for honor, justice, truth, first of the nations stand,
Be thine the hand to guide aright our country's future life,
So shape our course in days to come that we may banish strife ;
Endow us with Thy mighty grace, dear Father, from above,
Let all our acts in mercy's cause, be fraught with truth and
love,

Haste on the time, oh, God of right, when cruel war shall
cease,

And our country lead the nations to a Universal Peace.

Great Ruler of the Universe, be Thou our friend and guide,
And keep us in the paths of right whatever may betide,
Bestow Thy love in plentitude, guide Thou our acts aright,
Show all by Thy divine command, the road to peace and
right ;

Keep with us through all trials, and in times of doubt and fear,
And show that Thou art in our midst, that Thou art always
near,

Guide Thou our acts, our efforts bless, and haste the happy
day,

When Universal Peace shall reign, and every nation sway.

THE WHISPER.

I was sitting alone, with my book and my pipe,
When I heard a voice whisper, take pen, sir, and write;
I turned with surprise, and cried with a shout,
“ Well, what shall I write, or what write about ? ”
“ Why, that’s up to you,” said the voice in reply,
“ Just pull up your chair, at the thing have a try,
So go get some paper, your pen and the ink,
And bring your old pipe, light her up, smoke and think.”

First, find your subject, and then court your muse,
See your meter’s not faulty, or your verse they’ll refuse,
Have the rhythm just right, see all goes with a swing,
Or you’ll have lots of trouble in writing the thing;
There, I guess, that is all, of the hard and fast rules,
Laid down as a guide by poetical schools;
And if we obey them, when verses we write,
We’ll have that satisfaction in case they’re not right.

And, now, that I’ve gotten thus far with my screed,
I’m getting pen weary, and very much need
Something else besides smoke to help me to think,
So, I’ll lay down my pen, help myself to a drink,
And when I’m well rested I’ll return to my work,
For I have no desire my writing to shirk;
So, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll bid you good-night,
And finish this thing some time when I’m right.

THE VOICE.

Of all the boons to mortal kind,
The one that makes the world rejoice,
The greatest seems unto my mind,
To be God's gift, the singing voice.

'Tis twilight, dark shadows search each nook and corner of
this dim old room,
Outside a gale is blowing, the snow is falling fast, all nature's
cast in gloom;
Small wonder that one's thoughts turn to those who are steeped
in sorrow and distress,
And give rise to all that's best within us, to aid in time of
doubt and stress.

MY NEW CAR.

I bought a car, a dandy one, and fully guaranteed,
They said it was a bully one, and noted for it's speed,
They sent along a man with it, to teach me how to drive,
And the way he sent that car along, I wonder we're alive.
He hit a dog, just missed a car, and kiddies, once or twice,
And the things I said to that young man, well, they were not
very nice ;

He drove the car about a week, and then said, "Take the
wheel,"

I drove the car for quite awhile, began to nervous feel,
But I'd enlisted for the war, and swore that car I'd run,
So hit her up a merry pace, began to think it fun,
But without a moment's warning it ran into a hole,
Then slued around and crossed the road, and smashed a trolley
pole.

It shook us up a bit, you bet, my back was awful lame,
And what was done to that new car was certainly a shame ;
The radiator was a sight, the front springs both were broke,
And the car put out of business, all in one fell stroke.
We telephoned the garage, and to my surprise, good Lord,
They'd sent to tow us to their place, a car known as the Ford ;
And when I saw the little thing, and looked at my big car,
I said unto the man, "Dear sir, you won't tow this thing far."
"Don't worry, son," the man replied, his face seemed some-
what bored,

"Make no mistake, you run no risks, when you're behind a
Ford."

THE ROLLER SKATE.

So late in the night the Devil sat,
His imps all wondered what he was at,
And gathering close about the place,
Viewed with alarm his saddened face.
“What’s up, old man,” cried one bold elf,
“You do not seem to be yourself;
Has aught gone wrong? If so, let’s hear.”
“Your conduct, sire, to us seems queer,
Come, stir yourself—let’s all be jolly,
This is no place for melancholy.”
Then spake the Devil, loud and clear,
“Come gather ’round, and you shall hear
Why I am sad; while you are gay,
I find that running hell don’t pay.
The folks on earth are getting good,
I want this fact well understood,
And if we don’t hit something slick,
This brimstone shop will shut up quick.
“So, stir yourselves, ye imps of night,

And help me out of this sad plight.”
Then every devil, small and great,
Began to frown and cogitate,
And many a wily, wicked plan,
Was laid to catch that sucker—man.
But none were new, they’d tried them all,
And man seemed, then, to have the call,
Until an imp with wondrous pate
Evolved the devilish “roller skate.”
When up there rose the loudest yell,
That ever rang through walls of—well ;
“I’ve got them now,” said sly old Nick,
And for his plan promoted quick
The little imp with massive head,
Who to the front was quickly led,
And there installed by old Nick’s hand,
As premier devil of the band.

Now, boys and girls, this story’s straight,
Beware the seductive “roller skate.”

THE JITNEY CAR.

Have youse en the jitney cars that arerunning through our town,
They're causing lots of trouble, too, from cuss words unto frown;
They have a fair young damsel, whom they term conductoress,
Installed on back of this old bus, to aid in your distress;
She's sure been taught to hustle, for the way she runs that car,
It sets your nerves a tingle, and gives you many jar;
Rode in one the other day, and before I'd gone a mile,
Some things had happened in that bus that held me for a while.
Conductoress was a dear, sweet thing, and wore a cunning
 smile,
The men who rode upon that bus read papers half the while;
Some winked at her, some smirked and smiled, until the poor,
 young thing
Looked as though she'd fly the coop, or a traffic copper bring.
She tried her best to tend to biz; yes, awful hard she tried,
That gang had got her off her base, so down she sat and cried;
I said a few emphatic things, that gave that gang a jar,
And, then, I asked that measly bunch outside that jitney car.

THE CAR.

A friend of mine, whose little wife had touched him for a car,
Knew that the purchase of the thing would give his roll a jar,
But wifey was insistent, so he met it with a smile,
Although, he knew the pesky thing would set him back a mile,
But how to raise the wherewithal made hubby lose some sleep.
He touched up every friend he had, but never raised a peep,
So, drove to desperation, he tried a novel plan,
And went to see a friend of his, an advertising man;
To whom he told his troubles, and asked for his advice,
Who told him it was easy, and he'd fix it in a trice.
He said, "Advertise your story, put your trust into the Lord,"
And I'll bet, there'll be a hundred men who'll gladly send a
 Ford.

THE RECRUIT.

Shure it's weeping and wailing, I'm doing this day,
Bad cess to them soldiers, they have taken away
The last of my boys to fight in their wars,
What the divil care I for their reasons or cause.
If the Kings and the Kaisers are anxious to fight,
What hinders the spalpeens from doing it right,
Put them all in one ring, with the poor people without,
And may a divil of one of them ever come out.
Why should we fight because the Kaiser wants land,
Or the King of old England in commerce first stand.
Or the Czar of the Russians, the foe of the Jew,
Or France in revenge for "Seventy-two."
May the divil get all of them fellows, I say,
And it's certain he will, at no very long day,
And when he gets on his job, I hope he won't shirk,
So that all the poor people can attend to their work.

A SOLDIER BOLD.

He read the papers o'er and o'er,
Until his mind was filled with war,
He talked it, dreamed it, day by day,
Until the subject held full sway.
His friends began to think him mad,
And many a conference they had,
As what was best to do with him,
Until a happy thought struck Jim.
I'll go and buy a sword and gun,
Some soldier's clothes, we'll have some fun,
With this poor simp that's not quite sane,
Who as a soldier we will train,
And make him think himself at war,
With England's King and Russia's Czar.

We decked him up in soldier's dress,
And on his mind tried to impress,
That he was now a soldier bold,
And must his country's honor hold.
Inviolable, to hold it's flag,
And never, *never*, let it drag;
To fight his foes with all his might,
Uphold his country, wrong or right,
This so impressed him, that he swore
He'd slay the first foe that he saw,
So drilled and drilled with all his vim,
And then went out and shot poor Jim.

A REMINDER.

TO MY FRIEND, DR. B. D. EVANS.

Just a slight reminder, to start your thinking pan,
And thereby haste the finish of that phiz of Uncle Dan,
Long promised, long expected. Say, Doc., the days grow
drear,

Without that mug of Uncle Dan, my longing heart to cheer!
So hurry up the photo, neglect not this urgent call,
As I have a place just next to yours, to hang it on my wall.

HEAVEN.

I saw a land of pure delight,
Filled with visions robed in white,
All seated 'round a great white throne,
And on each face contentment shown.

It was the land of happiness,
Toward which our footsteps trembling press,
And may the good Lord haste the day,
When happiness shall hold full sway.

THE FLOWERS.

How wondrous are the flowers,
 That in one's garden grow,
Their fragrance fills us with delight,
 Their bloom a beauty show.
How came they there, from whence came they,
 Or how, or when or why?
'Tis one of the great mysteries,
 God sent us from on high.

LONESOME SPOT.

If you want to find most lonesome spot,
In this supposed gay town,
Just call up central, and see if they can tell.
I'll bet you'll get in quick reply, with
Neither smirk nor frown,
The number of what is known to be,
Some up-to-date hotel.

TO MISS TANGUAY.

" I DON'T CARE " has brought me fame, and, also, quite some
money ;
Of course, I know, the public think I'm either crazed or funny,
But as long as I can keep my health and get the old song over,
Why I'll not worry, fret or fuss, but feel myself in clover.
But if my public think it's fun, for me to sing this song,
Season after season, I assure them they are wrong ;
But you, good friends, are much to blame, you just insist
upon it,
And the lyric writers seem at loss to write an equal sonnet.

WHAT IS TIME?

What is a year? 'Tis here, 'tis gone,
How short the time since we were born;
The days they come, they pass and go,
But how or where, we hardly know,
An hour here, a minute there,
And yet we have no time to spare;
'Tis passing strange, this flight of time,
And bothers much both me and mine.

SUMMER.

Give us the days when the sun shines bright,
Then all nature is clad in her best,
The flowers in bloom, how pleasant the sight,
They are the days of such infinite rest.
And old Mother Earth, clad in mantle of green,
What a sweet, lovely sight to behold,
So quiet and peaceful does every thing seem,
That all its beauties can never be told;
So let's thank the dear God for the out-of-door days,
And to Him we'll ascribe great pæns of praise.

OUT OF DOORS.

Oh! for the days of the great out-of-doors,
And the pleasures and joy that it lends,
For old winter's rude blasts, the ice and the snow,
It surely makes quite some amends;
And it makes us all feel quite young again,
When the dear summer days have begun,
When we get out into the open to frolic and play,
And bask in the rays of the sun.
It is then, that our thoughts return to our youth,
Now gone and past all recall,
But when we remember the fun we've had,
Let's make up our minds not to crawl.
So get out in the open, 'midst the flowers and trees,
And rays of the life-giving sun,
And let's jolly ourselves that we're girlies and boys,
And play that our life 's just begun.

We're not all bad, each has his share of good,
The best of men, I fear at times, are just misunderstood,
And when we're sometimes scanned through other people's
glasses,
They fail to find the difference 'twixt ourselves and other asses.

THE MESSAGE.

God sent this message from above, "Go seek and ye shall find,"
A child whose mission on the earth, if love for all mankind,
Be guided by your faith and love, and in the East a star,
Whose light will lead your weary feet on journey from afar.

For days and days these hopeful men, fast on their mission
 sped,
Until at last they found the place, to which the star has led,
And in a lowly manger, they found the Christ to be,
The one designed by God above, to set all mankind free.

AFTER THE PLAY.

The play is done, the curtain falls, the actor's work is o'er,
The audience in nervous haste moves quickly towards the
 door,
Each on their several interests bent, the play forgotten quite,
The question, now, for them to solve, was, where to spend the
 night?

So off to some hotel they go, to fix the matter up,
And put away, so I am told, at least one cheering cup.
The cup got in its cheering work, and caused them all to say,
"There's only one thing left to do, take in a cabaret."
"Where shall it be," said some one, "there's many that are
 good,"—

But they soon agreed on Shanley's, for their cabaret and food.
And when the show was over, they again moved towards a
 door,
And landed home, some tired, as the clock struck half-past
 four.

A TRIBUTE.

If I could paint the rose's bloom, or lily's hue so rare,
I'd mix my paints with sweetest thoughts, that I might send
to you,
As token of my greatest love ; aye, to the fullest share,
A love devoted all to you, so tender and so true.

Could I in marble carve your face, the greatest ever wrought,
Each tap of mallet on the stone would bear my sweetest love,
For I would have each lovely line, with faith and constance
fraught,
Together with my dearest hopes and prayers to Him above.

MY PIPE.

I love my pipe, indeed, I do,
It's all the world to me,
It's perfume rare, fills all the air,
And visions grand I see ;
I see the royal road to wealth,
The girl that I adore,
The fairy lane that leads to health,
One could not see much more.

A THOUGHT.

This is my idea of life,
Keep out of everlasting strife ;
Do unto others, as you would
That they should do to you, is good.
Remember Him, who rules above,
Let all your acts be tinged with love.
Be charitable, much mercy show
In trouble ; be not slow to go
In sickness,—love and comfort lend,
And speak no ill of foe or friend.
Observe these rules, and you'll be blessed,
With almost perfect happiness.

THE MAN AFRAID.

If in your heart there's pity, then listen to my ditty,
And be prepared to shed a sea of tears,
For I've a story good and mellow, of a fellow tinged with
yellow,
That filled his days with dark and loathful fears.
It appears, some how or other, that this poor fellow's mother
Filled his childish head with tales of ghouls and sich,
Until the poor, benighted, became more and more affrighted,
And in every corner saw a ghost or witch.
Alas, his fears kept growing, without the poor cuss knowing,
The fearful hold it had upon his life;
And, perhaps, he'd ne'er suspected, but he foolishly selected,
An Irish lass to be his little wife.
Their flat was nice and cozy, and everything seemed rosy,
The little wife was happy as a lark,
Until she realized, and was very much surprised,
To find hubby scared to death when in the dark.
So, in and out of season, she asked, but got no reason,
Why hubby burned the gas the whole night through.
Said, she did not want to grieve him, but certainly would
leave him,
If he did not turn the gas off P. D. Q.
Though, wifey bold persisted, her hubby still insisted,
In keeping light full burning through the night,

So she sought to give this fellow, who had a tinge of yellow,
A lesson that would cure him of his fright.
She took counsel with her mother, who tried the thing to
smother,
Saying, "Be awful careful, daughter, what you do;
Beside, I think, I'd rather talk this over with your father,
He may suggest some way to pull you through."
They talked it o'er with dad, who gave it best he had,
But being simply Irish, through and through,
Said, "It's not within me craid, sure what's a man, afraid;
Let ye wimmen find just what ye want to do;
Well, the women got together, but I cannot tell you whether,
They found the plan to cure this man afraid.
But of this I'm sure and certain, it was exit, down the curtain,
For he fell into the pit that *some one* made.
It could not have been much neater, for some one fixed the
metre,
He had to go to bed without a light,
Where he rolled and tossed 'til morning. Ghosts and goblins
gave him warning,
And they found he'd died in bed that very night.
So, you see this pesky fellow, kept up his streak of yellow,
For he cut our story short a page or two,
So, let's close our screed with laughter, for in the great here-
after,
He will find that ghosts and goblins are not true.

DO TELL, NO HELL.

The devil sat thinking as hard as he could,
And declared with an oath, the world's getting good.
"This needs my attention, I must think up a plan,
Or I'll lose my control of that creature called man.
Now what can I do to regain my control,
They're mine, and I'll have them, both body and soul;
It's for this I have planned and worked night and day,
And it sets me just crazy to now lose my sway."
He puckered his brows, gave thought a full reign,
From the look on his face one would think him in pain,
And many a scheme flashed through his old head,
To be labeled, a chestnut, worm eaten and dead.
His plans were all stale, or they lacked this or that,
'Til at last he acknowledged himself laid out flat.
He was, indeed, ill at ease, for an imp sleeping by,
Was awoke from his nap, by his master's great sigh,
And approaching the spot where his dread master stood,
Made his most humble bow, and asked if he could
Be of any assistance, in his little way.
"Speak, Sire," he cried, "I'll fly to obey,
To the ends of the earth, on the sea, in the air;
Speak but the word, and you'll find me all there."
But he spoke not a word, and the imp growing bolder,
Startled his chief by a tap on his shoulder;
Who, shaking himself, as if aroused from a nap,
Cried, "Hand me my cloak, my staff and my cap;
I'll go for a walk, get a breath of ozone,
'Twill give my old brain a little more tone,
And help it to act;—perhaps, evolve a great plan,

Whereby, I'll regain my control over man."
His walk failed to help him, his brain failed to work,
He returned to his den as mad as a Turk,
And summoned the imp who had offered his aid,
And this is the offer his dread master made :
"Go find me a plan, whereby I'll regain
My hold on mankind. You forever shall reign
As my chief adviser ; but, list, should you fail,
The span of your life I'll quickly curtail.
So off to your work, and may you succeed,
To long life and riches it surely will lead."
The imp started off, with heart in his mouth,
Nor looked to the east, west, north or south,
Not wasting a minute, but scared most to death,
He burst in on his pals about out of breath,
And told them his tale, and asked their advice,
Which set them to thinking, each one in a trice.
They spent the whole night in seeking a plan,
Whereby their dread master might again control man ;
And again, the next day, and most of the night,
But not finding a plan they gave up the fight ;
And each one agreed that none of them could
Find a plan that would do, for the world was *just* good.
So they all fell in line to report to their chief,
And the order he gave was to them a relief.
'T was this, as he gave vent to an oath and a yell,
"Get out of my sight ; 't is the end of this hell."

GATHERING OF THE CLANS AT BIRD'S NEST.

Gathered here at Bird's Nest, on this Saint Patrick's Day,
Are many noted Irishmen, but not one A. P. A.
And what would happen to them, I have an awful hunch,
If one should try to mingle with that scrappy Irish bunch.
For there's McBird, the chieftain of this fighting Irish clan,
And O'Williams from old Ulster, a hard two-fisted man,
Together with that lanky guy, Sam Patrick Q. McSquire,
Who swears, by all that's good or bad, he's from the County
Tyre.

I also saw Mike Campbell, not the Mick that makes the soup,
But a handy fighting Irishman, none better in the group,
And to hear that Irish quartette,—Palmer, Ketcham, Knudson,
Searls,—

'Twas better than opera with all it's frills and curls.

But the gang arrived in dozens, each smoking his dudeen,
The smoke they made was so intense no faces could be seen;
The chieftain swore a mighty oath, ordered open windows,
doors,

And every gossoon in the room op'ed wide his Irish jaws ;
And the trouble soon began, for each with oath and yell,
Just started up an argument, and, then, there sure was hell.
'Twas here that the O'Williams showed himself a man of
 brain,
By quieting these fighting Micks, things soon were smooth
 again ;
This gave McBird his only chance,—so soon as he was able
He drove his fist with all his might down hard upon the table,
And yelled, “ Hold hard your gabs, ye ugly Turks, this meet-
 ing is not meant
To kill the English, one and all, or burst their government.
“ Sure, we all are Americans, and our meeting here to night
Means only one thing to us all, a damn good poker fight,
So lay aside all argument, and get into the game,
And don't let me catch you going shy, or there'll be trouble
 soon again.”

A GROUCH.

When you've worked all day, 'til your head just jars,
And you think of the ride you must take in the cars,
With the crowd and the bustle, the strap and the smell,
Is it any great wonder, you're ugly as hell ;
Speak cross to the madame, the kids and the maid,
Until you have got the whole household afraid
To open their mouths, for fear of a fight,
While your're much ashamed, as you growl out, " Good-night."

EASTER DUDS.

I await the return of the sweet balmy spring,
The return of the flowers and buds,
The reason I'm anxious is only for one thing,
That I may put on my new Easter duds.

TANGO SWAY.

You're cheeks are tinged with rose's hue,
You're hair is raven black,
You're eyes partake of heaven's blue,
No beauties do you lack,
But, oh, good Lord, one change I'd make,
If I could have my say,
I'd surely have you lessons take,
To improve your Tango sway.

THE DOCTOR:

Of all the professions, there's one seems to me,
That makes greatest appeal to one's heart,
'T is the doctor, who never can feel fancy free,
But must always be ready to start,—
No matter what weather, how tired or ill,
He's ready to do his full part,—
To carry the message of hope and good will,
That endears him to everyone's heart.

CARELESSNESS.

I saw a man the other day, decrepit, blind and lame,
He sought for alms from passersby, and to their very shame,
They passed him by with careless mien, and toss of shoulders
gave,
To this old man whom all could see was very near the grave :
I can't believe that sordidness was cause of their neglect,
But carelessness the reason was, I very much suspect.

RETROSPECT.

If I could live over ten years of my life,
How different I'd manage affairs,
I'd steer my bark safely through ocean of strife,
It's sorrows, it's heartaches, it's cares,—
I'd lay a straight course to the land of content,
Where love and good fellowship reigns ;
Spend the rest of my life on this errand bent,
“The relief of all sorrows and pains.”

CAUSE OF THINGS.

I wish I knew the cause of things,
The how, the when and why,
If it's knowledge that contentment brings,
How very hard I'd try,
To also find a reason for the which, the who and I.

NOTHING DOING.

I've whiled away an hour with my paper, pen and thought,
But up to date, sad to relate, my efforts come to naught;
So I'll lay my pen and paper down, and rest my weary brain,
And when I find my mood just right, I'll try the thing again.

MAXIMS.

Weigh well each word before you speak,
In argument, it's well to think,
And while some folks think you meek,
It may save you, friend, when on the brink,
From saying things you might regret,
And bring good friendship to an end,—
While you unable to forget,
Have lost your temper and a friend.

Live so each day, from sun to sun,
That memory has no pangs,
A cheering smile, a kindness done,
Will pull the sharpest fangs,—
'T will make your life a worthy one,
Filled with a strange delight,
And you can feel it was well done,
Your conduct in life's fight.

A hammock, a pipe, a book,
A girl, a moon, a nook,
With this combine one needs not gold,
Your only fear is, "growing old."

FIELD AND STREAM,

Field and stream, good luck to you,
In every issue you're clothed anew,
Each does not let our interest pall,
Long seems the time, the days but crawl,
During the wait for issue next.

And waiting has us sore perplexed,
Nevertheless, we hail with joy,
Delivery by our paper boy.

Sometimes our good wife makes complaint,
That makes us feel she's not all saint;
Remember, says she, at times quite bold,
Each dish prepared is getting cold,
And if I cross or cranky seem,
My dear, just blame your Field and Stream.

TO THE SUN.

This meed of praise belongs to you,
However poor its diction,
Each day your columns teem with thoughts.

Something more than fiction,
Understanding men and things,
No other source such tidings brings.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ETHEL.

Every moment well apply,
To-morrow may be late,
Honor bright on self rely,
Each must work his fate,
Love your labor for itself.

Some this rule ignore,—

Some seek only after pelf,
Quacks and frauds are more ;
Uniform in conduct be,
Instill this in your heart,
Remember, dear, that others see,
Espouse a noble part.

For Tiny Folks

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Now come, my dear children, sit here by my side,
And I'll tell you a story, a story of old,
I'll tell you what happened, and what did betide
A dear child, whose birth was foretold,
The birth of that dear child was ordained by God,
To complete an infinite plan,
To direct us aright as onward we plod,—
'T was the redemption of poor, mortal man.
For God had decreed, that the child should be born
In a manger, and humble His lot,
And certain Wise Men, themselves quite forlorn,
Were to seek and find the lone spot;
They journeyed along for days and days,
Did these dear old men from afar,
Though tired and weary, they sang songs of praise,
They were led by a bright shining star.
At last they arrived, at this poor, humble home,
And there they found God's only Son,
Whose mission on earth would cause Him to roam,
'Til His Father's great work was quite done.
'T is told that He sat at the feet of the men,
Who had found Him, by God's great decree,
And when He well knew His Father's great plan, then
He started mankind to set free ;
He met with abuse, revilings and death,
His life was, indeed, tempest tossed,
But He preached God's great love, unto His last breath,
As He died on the glorified cross.

CHILDHOOD.

My thoughts took wing to days long past, to childhood's happy hours,

I saw as in a vision, sweet, that dear old home of ours ;
I saw the porch, vine covered, as it was in days of old,
The flower beds of daffodils, a flame of living gold ;
The dear old well, moss covered, the same creaking wheel
and chain,—

All seemed to me as yesterday ; I saw them, oh, so plain.
The dove cote on the arbor stood, the grapes in clusters hung,
The very air about the place, sweet songs of comfort sung.

Oh ! for the days of long ago, the days of childhood's joys,
The days of childish innocence, just careless, happy boys ;
I'd love to live them o'er again, if only for a day,
Live in the days of yesterday, let memory have full sway ;
Yes, play and romp, forgetting cares, and live the happy life
That takes no account of troubles, knows naught of sin or
strife :—

Turn back the clock ; oh, God of Time, give unto us that day,
And let us taste those joys once more, for which we humbly
pray.

Those happy days ; yes, happy days, they're now, alas,
agone,

Leaves in our heart an aching void,—yes, leaves us tempest
torn.

If we could live those days once more, with knowledge that
we've gained.

We'd lead a happy, joyous life, because it had been trained.—
Yes, trained to meet the cares of life, to choose the proper
path,

That leads life's bark in waters calm, sails clear of aftermath,
And lands at last in peaceful cove our ship, in land of love,
To hear the welcome plaudits, from the King who rules above.

PLAYTIME.

Mother, see the children playing, down there in our yard,
They are having one old dandy time ; my, but they do work
hard ;

I'm sure that when they get in bed, they'll go at once to sleep,
And not a sound we'll hear from them,—no, not a single peep.
Don't you remember when we played and romped as hard as
they,

I guess you do, and so do I, and we'd like again to play
Those dear, old games we loved so well, the games of child-
hood days ;

And the songs we sang, how sweet they were, such pretty
simple lays.

But the days are gone for you and me to romp and frisk about,
Yet we do enjoy the kiddies games, and we're not too old to
shout,

And let them know that we are pleased to see their happiness,
And know that time, old fretful time, on them makes no
impress,

So may their lives as happy be, as now in childhood days,
God keep them all in tender care, and His good name we'll
praise.

BIRDIES.

Come, baby, to mother, look up and see,
That dear, little bird high up in our tree,
It seems hard at work, with a great deal of zest,
I wonder, my dear, if it's building a nest.

Now, be very quiet, we will watch for awhile,
It will help a few moments of time to beguile,
And, perhaps, we may see what the bird's doing there—
Why, there comes another, dear,—now there's a pair.

And that is the father bird; see the twig in its beak,—
Be quiet, my darling, be careful,—don't speak,—
For we may frighten the birds, and they'll fly away,
And we won't see them again for many a day.

Yes, they are building a nest, and soon we will see
Some dear baby birds, high up in our tree.
And we will wish nothing happens to cause them alarm.
And may the dear, little birdies be safe from all harm.

BABY GRACE.

She came in the night,
This babe of ours,
Beautiful of form and face,
Destined, please God,
To bless our hours,
Our darling, baby Grace.

BABY BOY SLEEP.

Swing high, swing low ; come, sleep, baby, sleep,

Your mammy will keep away harm,
She'll carefully guard her boy while asleep,
To see there's no cause for alarm.

Nestle down, baby boy, to its old mammy's breast,

Tightly close your poor, tired eyes,
For baby must take his every day rest,
And can sleep, I am sure, if he tries.

So swing high, swing low, my dear baby boy,

Like birdies high in the treetop,
And should any one try baby boy to annoy,
Mammy is here and will sure make them stop.
So, let me tuck my dear baby away in his nest,
And I'll sit by your side, honey dear,
And when the big sun hides his head in the west,
It will find your old mammy still near.

CHORUS :

Swing high, swing low, my dear, little man,
Like the birdies high up in their nest,
Drop off to sleep as fast as you can,
Mammy knows that you need a good rest.

SNOW.

Talk not to me of the beautiful snow, it's only intended for
kids,
To make into snowballs to throw at grownups, and lots of
things parents forbids;
Of course, I admit, we easy forget, when we were just girlies
and boys,
And, perhaps, we grow selfish along with our age, or is it
because of the noise?
But how could we manage without our dear kids, as older and
older we grow,
So go to it, young ones, as hard as you please, take your fun
out of beautiful snow.

THE STAR.

See that Star in Heaven appearing?
It lights the way that was foretold;
To those who sought, its rays were cheering;
It filled their paths with lights of gold,
For they'd been told, these men forlorn,
To seek and ever hopeful be,
For it would guide to where was born,
A child, destined to set all free.

Come, mother, tell a story, before we go to bed,
Don't tell about Red Ridinghood, who wore a cloak of red,
Or Jack, who grew a bean stalk, so awful, awful high,
That when he reached the very top, his head just touched the
sky,
But tell us of the fairies, like grandma used to do,
And we'll sit so very quiet that we'll not bother you.

I wish I had a dolly, with truly curly hair,
I'd love her, oh, so dearly, mother, dear,
And, then, I want a rocking chair,
I won't drop her, never fear,
I'd take her clothes off every night,
And when I heard her prayers,
I'd turn the light out carefully,
And tippy-toe down stairs.

Why Sing a Song of Sixpence, when dimes are better still;
Why ask for pockets full of rye, when bushels you might fill;
Or four and twenty blackbirds, when robins make a pie,
That would better please the dear, old king, my little child
and I.

You have heard of Johnny Horner, who in a corner sat,
Can you tell your mother, dearie, what the little boy was at?
Come, see, if you remember, and if you do not miss,
You shall have a cake for luncheon, and I'll give my child a
kiss.

Oh! mamma, see that pretty bird up in our apple tree,
I'd dearly love to know it's name, can you tell it to me?
Why, yes, my child, I think I can; it's called the robin, dear,
It makes its home quite near the house, for robin has no fear.

I wish I were a boy, mamma, I'd be like brother Jim,
I'd rollerskate and play baseball, and surely learn to swim;
I'd get my hands so dirty, and tousle up my hair,
I'd do the things that brother does, and be a boy for fair.

Dad bought a little pony, for brother boy and I,
And we can't thank him half enough, no matter how we try,
But we'll show him by our treatment, of our pony every day,
That deeds speak louder far than words; that's all that we
can say,

Dear, little Robin Redbreast, is your nest up in that tree?
I'd dearly love to see it, won't you show it, please, to me?
I promise not to touch it, or tell another boy,
For I know your nest and babies fill your heart with love
and joy.

Oh! mother, see it's snowing, the ground is all in white,
And I'm awful, awful sorry, it's very nearly night,
For I would love to take my sled, and play out in the snow,
But I s'pose I have to stay in-doors, and soon to bed must go.

I've a great, big hobby-horse a drum and rubber ball,
I found them by the Christmas tree that stands down in our
hall ;
And daddy said that Santa Claus had left them there for me,
And if I was good, and minded ma, next year he'd fill that
tree.

Dad, I want a pocketbook, with some money in it, too,
So I can buy a present for mother, dear, and you,
I'd buy a hanky for mamma, all trimmed around with lace,
And for you I'd buy a Safety, to shave your dear old face.

Little Red Ridinghood, so some one has said,
Went to see her dear grandma, whom she found in bed,
Or at least so she thought, as she entered the place,
As the bedclothes prevented her seeing her face.

So she quietly walked up to the bedside,
Not thinking that trouble or danger betide,
But instead of grandma, she saw with surprise,
A great ugly nose and two wicked eyes.

They belonged to a wolf, who was waiting to kill
This dear, little girl, who had done him no ill,
But, as fortune would have it, her daddy walked in,
And killed the bad wolf, which, I am sure, was no sin.

Tumblety, tumblety, my little man,
Turn a big somersault, hard as you can,
Then roll over and over, with all of your might,
Give mother a hug, and kiss her good-night.

I'd love to write a Jingle verse, to fit each kiddie's case ;
I'd love to see a happy smile, beam o'er each little face ;
Yes, love to see their eyes light up, with feeling quite intent,
To catch the meaning of each line, to see what it all meant,
And when the verse was finished, and I heard their merry
 laugh,
I'd feel my labor was well spent, on verse in their behalf.

THE BABIES.

Now, children, you must stop your play, and hurry off to bed,
You've played and romped the livelong day, their tired
 mother said ;
Besides, I'm getting sleepy, and I, too, need a rest,
So hurry up my darling ones, I'll tuck you in your nest ;
Now, do not keep me waiting, but hurry up the stairs,
For mother's got to hear her babies say their evening prayers.

SPRING POETS.

As all good poets seem to do the same thing,
I'll write a few lines about beautiful spring ;
And as the sun in the heavens is getting quite high,
I suppose, time for spring writing is pretty well nigh.
And, now, that I've started, I am lost for a thought,
As to how I should start the thing, just as I ought ;
I know that the poets, or at least so I have heard,
Take as their spring subject, a flower or bird,—
And as I saw robins, hopping around in our trees,
I'll take them for mine, that is, if you please.
So I've selected a pair, who are as busy as bees,
Among the sweet blossoms, the limbs and the leaves,
To find a good place, I suppose, for their nest,
Where they can raise their dear babies in safety the best.
And, now, they have found, high up in our tree,
The very best place they could find, seems to me,
I trust they will soon have their nest all complete,
Where mother and babies will have safe retreat.
And when their home's finished, and babies appear,
I hope they'll be free from all dangers and fear ;
And when next the spring comes, I hope they'll return to
 our tree,
For I know that will please the dear children and me.
And, now, that I've finished this funny old thing,—
I've talked of but robins, and a little of spring,
Which goes but to show that all poets are mad,
And I, like the rest, am surely as bad.

THE TIRED CHILD.

Come to its mother, precious one,
And let me hug you tight,
Your little feet some miles have run,
And must be tired quite.

You've played from early morn, my boy,
And, now, it's after four,
I'm sorry, dear, but not one toy,
You can't play any more.

Let me undress my little man,
And put him in his tub,
I'll do it right, as mothers can,
And then give him his rub.

And then I'll carry you upstairs,
And tuck you in your bed,
Hear you say your evening prayers,
God's blessing on your head.

THE NEST.

There's a wee little nest, high up in our tree,
And the dear mother bird, we plainly can see,
While the father bird sits on a limb closely by,
To see that no dangers or trouble come nigh.

TO OUR BABY GRACE.

Lay your head on mother's breast,
Let your tired eyelids rest,
Deep in slumber rest, my babe,
Nothing, dear, to make afraid.—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

God watch o'er my little one,
As her daily life is run,
Keep her in thy loving care,
Let angels guide her everywhere.

THE PONY.

Say, kids, look out and watch your dad,
He's trying something phony,
Take with a large degree of salt,
His talk about that pony;
Your only chance to cinch the thing,
And get your daddy right,
Is to question him about it,
Each morning, noon and night.

LITTLE ONES.

I love the dear faces, that greet me at night,
I love their dear, sweet, smiling ways,
They are dear, little children, so joyous and bright,
They're the pride of our lives and our days.
Should anything happen, or illness betide,
I hardly know what I should do,
For they've twined round my heart like a vine, and, beside,
I can't spare them, not one;—now, could you?

LAZY BOY.

Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head, go wash your hands and
face,
And don't forget to clean your teeth, also, your shoes to lace,
And see that they are nicely cleaned, likewise, your coat and
hat,
You'll have to hurry or be late, and, then, you well know that
Your teacher will quite angry be, and marks will be your share,
So, hurry, hurry, lazy one, you have not combed your hair;
Well, I have done my very best to help a lazy lad,
And when this evening comes, my boy, you'll settle with your
dad.

Come, mother's big man, and pick up your toys,
Be quick as you can, and don't make a noise,
For brother boy, dear, has just gone to sleep,
So, don't make a sound, not even a peep,
And when he awakes, you can, then, have your toys,
And do as you please about making a noise.

DON'T QUARREL.

A robin and blue jay sat in our elm tree,
The blue jay was scolding as hard as could be,
But the robin said naught, he just turned his red head,
And acted as though he thought the jay illy bred.
For he simply said, "peep," as he flew fast away,
And left the elm tree to the scolding blue jay.
Now, what was the lesson the robin taught, my dear boy?
Why, simply leave without quarrel, those who seek to annoy.

THE TRIMMING OF THE TREE AND THE CREW.

'Twas the night before Christmas, the kids all in bed,
Not a sound in the house, one would think all were dead,
But soon we heard, faintly, a voice we all knew,
It was Santa's boss trimmer, and his tree trimming crew.
'Twas a sight to behold, as they started their work,
Each trying to see how much he could shirk;
But soon the boss trimmer, let out a loud yell,
"Get to work you bum trimmers, or, please, step to—well.
You're a fine bunch of quitters, so, now, just get busy,
Or I'll hand you a punch that will land you all dizzy.
The reprimand worked, they fell to with a vim,
And all did their best the kid's tree to trim,
And just as the clock struck the hour of one;
Their work was quite finished, the trimming was done.

A DREAM.

I fell asleep, and dreamed this dream, I was again a boy,
The dear old home was just the same, seemed filled with love
and joy;
My father, mother, children, all were in accustomed place,
And a royal, hearty welcome, beamed upon each loving face.
The time seemed just at Christmas, and all were gathered
there,
To keep the cherished holiday, and all its joys to share;
And over in one corner stood the usual Christmas tree,
Just filled with toys, and lots of things, for every one and me;
And when I saw a hobbyhorse, I really danced for joy,
For daddy said that Santa Claus had brought it for his boy,
Together with a jumping jack, a drum and coaster sled,—
The red-top boots and all-steel skates I took with me to bed;
But, oh, the sad awakening, so certain did all seem,
I was sorely disappointed, when I found it but a dream.

IT CANNOT BE DONE.

I'd love to write a poem, that would startle all mankind,
I know that I could do the trick, if I could only find
Some subject that the poets had o'erlooked in their mad search;
If I could chance to find one, then, perhaps, the wreath might
perch
Upon this mighty dome of mine, and fame would then be won.
But, I'll bet, there's not a subject, that is new beneath the sun,
So what's the use of trying, when you know you cannot win,—
Better quit this poem business, and admit I'm all in.

THE KIDDIES.

We have four of a kind at our house, my dear friends,
They are kiddies, none quiet as mouse ;
We love and enjoy all their little pretends,
And wish we had a full house.
There's Janet and Peggy, brother boy and the kid,
Who keep us some busy, I'm sure,
And should I repeat all the things that they did,
The attempt would be mighty poor.
Their scraps and make ups, take half of the day,
The other half, being plain, bad,
'Til their mother remarks, " I'll, now, have my say,
Go to bed, and you'll hear from your dad."
My wish has come true, the full house is a fact,
It's a baby girl, fair as to face,
And, I trust, her fond parents, will now show some tact,
And let the finish be, sweet baby Grace.

Adieu

TO MY READERS.

I've whiled an hour or so, with paper, pen and ink,
And all that I have written don't amount to much, I think;
But, gee, when I remember the lots of fun I've had,
I'll count the time well spent, indeed, if even all are bad.

And when the reader looks them o'er, please scan with
friendly eye,
Don't look for perfect poems; so, please, my friend, don't
try.

But if, perchance, I've given you a pleasant hour or two,
I'll count the time well spent, indeed, and bid you fond
ADIEU.





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